FORGET NOT THE LOVED ONES AT HOME

"How sad memory lingers fondly,
How my heart yearns with delight,
As on homes blest scenes I ponder;
Theyre my guiding star, my light."

WRITTEN, COMPOSED & FERVENTLY INSCRIBED TO THE

DEAR ONES AT HOME

BY

I. B. WOODBURY.

25¢ nett.

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH, POND & Co. *1 Franklin Square.*

St. Louis, BALMER & WEBER. *New Orleans,* Wm. T. MAYO.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1850 by Firth, Pond & Co. in the Clerks Office of the Dist. Court of the South. Dist. of New York.

FORGET NOT THE LOVED ONES AT HOME

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

J. B. WOODBURY.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIONE.

Can I e'er for-get my fa-ther,

Him whose hands so oft caress'd Ah! how well I now re-member, That fond pressure

to his breast; Soothing there my wea-ry head, He a parent's blessing gave,

4

Pure to heav'n that blessing sped, 'Tis remember'd there; Pure to heav'n that

blessing sped, 'Tis remembered there.

Can I e'er for_get my mother, Her whose love has

round me twin'd, Though in distant climes I wander, Love like hers I ne'er can find.

Soft and gentle was the kiss, She bestowed u_pon her child, Sure on earth no

more such bliss, Can a_gain be mine; Sure on earth no more such bliss,

Can a_gain be mine.

3

Can I e'er forget that brother,
Though long years have parted us—
Where is his dear form I wonder—
Shall we ever meet in bliss?
And that gentle sister dear,
Meek, forbearing e'er to me,
Memory brings her dear form near,
I can ne'er forget;
Memory brings her dear form near,
I can ne'er forget.

4

How sad memory lingers fondly,
How my heart yearns with delight,
As on home's blest scenes I ponder
They're my guiding star—my light;
When around that old hearth stone,
We all meet no more to part,
Then the bliss of earth is won
A foretaste of heaven;
Then the bliss of earth is won
A foretaste of heaven.

662

Quidor Engᵛᵖ